

No. 149
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THE VOLUNTARY DISCUSSION,
AND THE
REPEAL MOVEMENT.

(Reprinted from the "Belfast News-Letter" of the 9th, 10th, 11th,
and 12th July, 1862.)

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WILLIAM M'COMB, 1, HIGH STREET.

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THE Rev. Dr. Cooke occupies, for the third time, the Moderator's Chair of the highest court in the Presbyterian Church. No other instance in this country can be adduced of such pre-eminence being accorded to any minister in that Church. It is a high tribute yielded to the weight of a commanding character. The General Synod of Ulster, at an early period, in 1825, recognised the able and accomplished pastor of Killileagh as its foremost and leading man—for a grave crisis was impending—and assigned to him the Moderatorship in a year which became pregnant with momentous events. Again, after the union of that Synod with the Secession Synod, Dr. Cooke was exalted to the Moderator's Chair; and now, at an advanced period of his honored and invaluable life, the grateful voice of his Church, echoed by the reverential and hearty acclaim of the entire Protestant community, has again called and welcomed him to the same position of eminence.

It may be interesting to many to take this opportunity of glancing back at the past of Dr. Cooke's public career. It was during the official year of 1825-1826 that his name became a rallying-point in Ulster. The entire community of this town and throughout the whole province was stirred, and ranged as his friends or foes in the brief space of a few months, by one sentence which fell from his lips.

The circumstances were these:—A Parliamentary Committee was sitting in London, holding an inquiry into the state of education in Ireland. The Rev. Henry Cooke, as Moderator of the Synod of Ulster, was summoned and examined as a witness. Being questioned in regard to the Belfast Academical Institution, where candidates for the ministry of the Synod were then educated, Mr. Cooke declared that the Institution had “*become a great seminary of Arianism.*” These words ran through Belfast like an electric shock. The town had good ground for the honest pride with which it regarded that place of education. Without any aid from Government—solely from the spontaneous liberality of Northerners at home and in India—the building had sprung up and become the centre of large and excellent schools for the youth of the North. Students who, until it was erected, were compelled to repair generally to Scotland now enjoyed within its walls the comfort and advantage of home education. The Government of the day had endowed Professors, who were busily engaged in their arduous labours; yet, as its friends and supporters allged, by the sweeping attack made upon the character of the Institution, its very existence was jeopardised. The indignation excited was intense beyond description.

Mr. Cooke and his memorable testimony became the theme of angry meetings and of a thousand wrathful tongues. Within the Institution itself, Professors assembled their students in the Common Hall and Class-rooms, from which issued resolutions and declarations condemnatory of what was treated as a scandalous libel. Now, after the lapse of so many years, no doubt many ministers remember the mustering of the academics for judgment on the heinous delinquent.

In this town, and all over the country, a fearful storm was raised by the opponents of Mr. Cooke, the

advocates of the Institution. A host of combatants appeared in letters, signed by their own names, and published in the newspapers, to their woe and cost. Mr. Cooke, with his single pen, met and overthrew them, one by one. In consequence of all this widespread agitation, the earnest attention of the orthodox Churches everywhere was aroused and deeply interested. The fearless and intrepid minister of Killileagh attracted towards himself and his cause unbounded sympathy, which gradually swelled into resistless enthusiasm. The question of Arianism in the Institution raised the more extended and engrossing inquiry as to the extent and influence of Arianism in the Synod of Ulster. It was disclosed, about this time, that the Rev. W. Porter, of Newtownlimavady, father of the present Rev. J. S. Porter—who was then clerk to the Synod, and who, in his official capacity, was also examined before the Parliamentary Committee on Education—had declared, in the course of his examination, that he himself held Arian opinions, and that such opinions were making progress in the Synod among the “*thinking few*” of the ministers. This phrase—“the thinking few”—became as notorious as the expression of Mr. Cooke, “the great seminary of Arianism.” It was subsequently turned into the subject of a poem by the gifted and eloquent Robert Magill, of Antrim, which was afterwards very roughly dealt with by the sarcastic touches of the Rev. Henry Montgomery, of Dunmurry, in one of his great Synodical speeches.

As the meeting of Synod drew on, in 1826, all parties looked forward to the proceedings with anxious though undefined expectation. It was universally felt that matters could not stand still. The distinctions were now clearly marked between the Old Light and the New Light, or Orthodoxy and Arianism. The questions in dispute being rather complicated, the New Light adherents seemed to be

much stronger than they really were, for very many influential persons, not at all agreeing with them in religious sentiment, yet joining heartily with them in their attachment to the Institution and their antagonism to Mr. Cooke, stood side by side with them in the fierce controversy.

In consequence of the varied and marvellous powers exhibited by the Rev. Henry Cooke in the trying ordeal and desperate struggle through which he was passing, unlimited confidence was reposed in him by "troops of friends." Although his intellectual superiority was only then fully manifested, he had previously been making his way to take a foremost place in the Synod.

The Synod assembled at Coleraine in 1826. The opening sermon was preached by the retiring Moderator. A vast conflux of ministers and of expecting people crowded the church. The circumstances were very peculiar. He who preached stood in the pulpit of the place of his early days and associations. Public, universal interest made the people proud of the minister who had earned such fame as a champion of the Truth. Mr. Cooke chose for his text Rev. iii., 2—"Be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain, that are ready to die." The sermon was pronounced by those who heard it to be irresistible. The preacher descended, in richly glowing language, on the maxim of the Reformer, that "Justification by faith is *the* article of a standing or of a falling Church." As he portrayed the grand results of a Gospel ministry, armed with the might of this truth, he obtained mastery over the feelings of a deeply-moved audience. When he descended from the pulpit, it was felt that he had accomplished a great beginning of a great work.

Going back to the period when he preached his Moderator's discourse in Coleraine, in 1826, we discover the rapid progress of events under his mas-

ferly control. For, at the annual meeting of the Synod, in Strabane, in 1827, so ripe for action and decision were the members come, that, to test the alleged prevalence of heterodoxy among them, a resolution, proposed by Mr. Cooke, and supported by a brilliant speech, was carried by an overwhelming majority, to the effect that all the ministers and elders assembled should be required at once to give a public response to the question—whether they believed in the doctrine of the Trinity, as set forth in the Shorter Catechism. Here, for the first time, the Rev. Henry Montgomery displayed his extraordinary talents as a speaker. He was Principal of the English School in the Belfast Institution, and there had committed to him a large number of the youth of some of the best families in Belfast and Ulster. No doubt, he felt sore in regard to the accusations levelled against the Institution in the testimony of Mr. Cooke. This, perhaps, aided to swell the indignant and impetuous torrent of his eloquence against the proposition then before the house. All was vain, however. Mr. Cooke, with unrivalled eloquence, sustained his position. The test was applied on the spot. Besides, such ministers as were absent were required to attend the annual meeting next year, and have the interrogatories tendered to them likewise. The whole of Ulster was thrown into commotion by speeches, and letters, and pamphlets—even the Muses contributed to the dire war of elements. Consequently, when the Synod, in 1828, met in Cookstown, the interest was intense. Eager throngs, from every quarter, hastened to the scene. A few days were occupied in general matters and in the completion of the inquiry addressed to the ministers and elders. On the Friday, Mr. Cooke, in an address which could scarcely have been equalled in power, proposed a series of resolutions, or overtures. These were, substantially, that no licentiate or minister should

be received into the Church without giving proof of his soundness in the faith by his belief in certain doctrines specified. Such soundness was to be ascertained by a committee, to be year by year appointed in open Synod. It was seen that such a proposal, if passed, would effectually exclude from the Synod any who might be tainted with Arianism. The grand conflict now commenced. Rev. Messrs. Davis, Banbridge, F. Blakely (Moneyrea), R. Alexander, of Crumlin, and others, vehemently denounced the overtures. At length, on Saturday forenoon, Mr. Montgomery stood up, and the house became hushed. For nearly two hours his voice pealed through the vast assembly. He opposed the measure on many grounds. Towards the close of his most thrilling speech, as he defended himself against the imputation that he was a denier of the Saviour, he repeated, with deep emotion, and in tones which melted every listener—

“ Jesus, my Lord, I know His name—
His name is all my boast ;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.”

When he sat down, the Rev. Robert Stewart, of Broughshane, arose. The effect of his speech, in reply, in its gradually taking complete hold of the judgments of the auditory, and overturning, point after point, the arguments of the preceding speaker, was really wonderful. So complete and triumphant did Mr. Cooke consider Mr. Stewart's vindication of the overtures, that he announced he would waive his own right of reply, provided that the Synod then, before any members should necessarily leave for their duties at home next day, proceeded to the vote. This was assented to. On the roll being called, the majority was so immense in support of the resolutions, that no further effort was made to disturb them. This was a victory even beyond expectation. It was rapturously hailed over the entire Province,

among all classes, and in the Evangelical Churches generally.

But the distinguished chief in this anxious struggle had to combat with some of his brother ministers holding religious sentiments similar to his own. In the Synod these ministers gave the weight of their advocacy to the side which so bitterly and determinedly opposed him. They battled against him, and crippled him. In all the votes of the crisis they were not with him, and frequently they were against him. But as the consequence of the decision of the house on the memorable Saturday to which we have alluded, a theological committee for the examination of all students candidates for the ministry in the Synod was selected, and required to hold its first meeting in Cookstown in the Autumn. Early in the second week of this Synodical meeting in Cookstown, Mr. Cooke took occasion to deliver a long and powerfully graphic speech, in which he reviewed the whole controversy and the assaults of his antagonists. It was then he used the famous illustration of the "Magician and his Lamp," concerning which one circumstance is here worthy of record. Long afterwards, when a minister in a debate in Synod attacked Dr. Cooke, and borrowed as his chief help in the assault the "Magician's Lamp," Dr. Cooke all but silenced him by the exclamation—"You have stolen *my* lamp."

In 1829 the Synod held its annual meeting in Lurgan. No one could judge what course the Arian party, who had drawn up "A Remonstrance" to the Synod, might pursue. But an unexpected addition was cast all at once into the seething cauldron. In the filling up of a vacancy in the Moral Philosophy Chair of the Belfast Institution, Mr. Ferrie, from Scotland, had been chosen, by the Joint Board of Managers and Visitors, in preference to the Rev. J. Carlile, of Dublin. Public opinion, generally, called

for the appointment of the latter candidate. He was well known and highly esteemed. It was thought, too, that he, of all men, had a strong claim on the friends of the Institution, because of his bold and successful stand on its behalf in the Synod of Ulster, in 1817. It was believed by many that the ground of his rejection was his orthodoxy. It was alleged, further, that the gentleman who had been placed in the chair, though a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, could not, for some reasons, enjoy the confidence of the Synod. Mr. Cooke gave utterance, in various ways, to his own discontent, and the grave reasons for it. The public mind was filled with the subject. It was introduced to the Synod at an early stage of its meetings. Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Cooke again came into direct collision. The former had, once and again, previously made use of the homely phrase, that the "house was made too hot to hold him and his friends." They were, therefore, in all likelihood, preparing to quit, yet they did not leave until there came a desperate encounter between the two respective leaders. On the Friday of the meeting at Lurgan, when the capacious church was crowded to the doors, Mr. Montgomery took his stand in the front of the pulpit, and addressed the Synod in reference to the recent transaction—the choice of Mr. Ferrie. He held in his hand the blue book of the evidence of Mr. Cooke before the Parliamentary Committee. As he proceeded in his speech, he quoted from it the sworn testimony of Mr. Cooke with the view of proving that it was at variance completely with the opinions expressed by Mr. Cooke as to the appointments and qualifications of Mr. Ferrie. The speaker dwelt largely and emphatically upon these topics, towering above the height of his usual commanding stature, as it sometimes actually seemed, while he hurled his denunciations, and, raising up the book of his authority, waved the volume above his head, in

the scorn of supposed triumph over his adversary. Towards the end of his address his manner wholly changed. As he pictured the probable separations from the Synod, and the strifes then convulsing it, and looked upward, dwelling, in tremulous tones, upon the tranquil ecstasies of heaven, where no jar of earth can mar the unruffled harmony, the auditory were spell-bound by the strains of his subduing pathos. An adjournment was imperatively necessary for a short time. On the re-assembling of the Synod, Mr. Cooke presented himself, and had the mute attention of the house. He spoke from one of the pews of the left aisle from the pulpit, full in the view of all. In calm and measured accents he entered on his defence. He said that if he had fallen, or were to fall, under the deadly stroke of his assailant, he could have the satisfaction of ancient warriors, whose boast, in dying, was that they fell by no inglorious sword, under the blow of no nameless or unworthy foeman. "My opponent and accuser," he said, "has shown marvellous power in his attack. He thinks he has overwhelmed me. He has laid upon me the load of obloquy, branding me with perjury, and binding me, as a criminal shut up in prison, with fetters of iron. But," as he raised himself to his full height and his eyes flashed, "I will smite the fetters with the talisman of truth, and stand before you and the world a freeman without blot." While he uttered these words in his own impassioned style, a wave of feeling seemed to sweep over the Church, bowing down the heads of the deeply-moved listeners in uncontrolled sympathy. Of the amazing speech that followed, unpremeditated as it must have been, no one can now convey a suitable sketch. Perhaps one of the happiest portions of it occurred where he noticed the sneer of Dr. Montgomery that Orthodoxy must be a very tender plant when it dreaded the

breath of free discussion. He said, "Orthodoxy, the truth which we maintain, is as hardy as the mountain heath on the brows of the lofty hills of Scotland. There it has its home ; it has withstood the fierce storms of many a Winter, and gladdened with its blossom the sunny days of Summer. And yet it is tender, for is it not declared of Him whose own it is, 'He shall grow up before Him as a *tender plant*?' " The speaker met and combated the whole line of the well-arranged, and skilful, and desperate attack made upon him, most satisfactorily freeing himself and upholding his cause. This conflict may be said to have concluded the battle of Arianism in the Synod of Ulster. The adherents of his opponent, few in number, withdrew, and formed the Remonstrant Synod. The friendly relations between the Institution and the Synod of Ulster then also virtually ceased.

Now that the din of the great controversy has so long subsided, and even the echoes of it are hushed, it is but right to do justice to the surpassing merits of the chief combatants. Of Professor Ferrie, also, it must be allowed that, in his election, he fell upon evil and troublous times, owing to the feud then existing between many of the members of the Synod of Ulster and the Institution. During his occupancy of the Chair of Moral Philosophy, his lectures and examinations were of no common stamp. He exhibited an originality and strength of thought and style rarely met with. Into the matters attendant upon his appointment, or into the consideration of any subsequent proceedings, we do not enter. Perhaps towards him, as a truly learned and able Professor, the poet's lines were not fully acted upon—

" Be to his faults a little blind,
Be to his virtues very kind,
Nor clap a padlock on his mind."

In the Synod of Ulster, after the withdrawal of the

Remonstrants, there was a yearly approach to the renewed adoption of the Westminster Confession of Faith as one of its standards. In 1835 the Synod resolved, finally, upon taking this step. It is due to the Rev. Dr. Brown, of Aghadoey, to record that this advance was very much owing to his straightforward and vigorous efforts for several years. When, in August, 1835, a special meeting of the Synod was convened for the full discussion of the matter, all objections were invited and canvassed. Mr. Cooke overturned all objections to the doctrines contained in the Confession, or to the reception of it as a creed. By one pointed question he absolutely struck silent a minister yet living, who was supposed to have Arminian tendencies. The question was so framed that, if affirmatively answered, it granted the very truth which was doubted; if, on the other hand, it was answered negatively, the error was so flagrant as to be scouted by every one. The questioner stood mute in the presence of the Synod. After a protracted and most exciting debate, it was decided that thenceforth unqualified subscription to the Westminster Confession of Faith should be required from all ministers of the Church at their ordination.

It now began to be desired that there should be a union attempted between the Secession Synod and the Synod of Ulster. Like the noble-hearted leader of Israel out of Egypt, Dr. Cooke had shown and led the way of the Churches to this desirable consummation. Was he to witness it? His far-seeing sagacity must have revealed to him that, in the event of union, he must be bringing into contact with himself several influential ministers of different views from him on many important public interests. But any or all such thoughts were merged in the one grand desire for Christian union. Accordingly, Dr. Cooke encouraged and cherished the earliest movements towards a junction with the Secession body.

Early in 1840 the respective Synods assembled for deliberation. In the Synod of Ulster, Dr. Cooke found himself on this hoped-for measure at variance, for the first time, with his bosom friend, Mr. Sidney Hamilton Rowan, of Killileagh, who feared that the contemplated advantages from it would be counter-balanced by many disturbing elements. He had a hard conflict, likewise, with members of Synod, who argued that though ministers might be required to subscribe the Confession of Faith, elders should be allowed to be ordained on their declaring their adherence to the doctrines contained in the Shorter Catechism. Few who heard his masterly answer to all these can forget the effect produced. "The proposal of the Confession for our ministers, and the Shorter Catechism for our elders, reminds me of the profound philosopher into whose apartment a friend, one day coming, perceived a box in the corner of the room, in the side of which there were two openings—one small, the other rather large. The friend inquired, 'What are these for?' The reply was, 'The box is for my cat and her kittens. The large hole is for the cat—the small one for the kittens—to go in and out by.' 'Why, now, would not the large one do for all?' 'Bless me, so it would; I never thought of that.' Now, Sir, the Westminster Confession can do for us all excellently well. My learned friend the elder from Rosemary Street has pleaded earnestly for the Catechism to be the elders' refuge. Now, Sir, is that respected elder aware of the slur he is thereby casting upon the elders of our Church? In the Act of the Scottish Assembly, 1648, approving of that Catechism, it is expressly laid down that the 'Shorter Catechism is intended for persons of weaker capacity.' Let me defend our elders from his implied charge that they are among 'such as are of weaker capacity.' They are strong in the faith and in Scriptural knowledge."

The union was carried. In July, 1840, the two Synods, like two rivers long apart, flowed happily into one channel, and formed one mighty stream. The venerable men, the Rev. J. Elder, Finvoy, and the Rev. J. Rogers, Glascar, the Moderators, for the last time, of the two Synods, met, and shook hands as brethren, in one pulpit. And then, in Rosemary Street Church, Dr. Hanna, who so long had adorned its pulpit with the grace and unction of his ministrations, was placed in the Moderator's chair of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. "Many of the ancient men, when the foundation was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice." None were more moved than Dr. Cooke himself. His longings and aspirations were, doubtless, towards a more extended and comprehensive union among the Churches of the Reformation.

At its next annual meeting, Dr. Cooke was, by acclamation, raised to the office of Moderator.

The settlement of Dr. C. as minister in May Street was a most important event in the history of Belfast and of the Church at large in this country. In 1823 a movement was begun for the establishment of a congregation in this town in addition to that of Dr. Hanna's in Rosemary Street. The parties who warmly took up this matter were guided by the counsel and animated by the zealous co-operation of the Rev. Henry Hazlett, of Castlereagh, then the nearest member of the Belfast Presbytery, except Dr. Hanna himself. The late Mr. Alexander Mackay, of Mount Collyer Park, and others, appeared as a deputation before the Presbytery, and presented their memorial craving that steps should be taken to erect a new house of worship in town. The case was referred to the Synod. Finally the undertaking was sanctioned by that reverend court. Much opposition was encountered; not without wearisome delays and varied harassing obstacles was the building slowly com-

pleted, and the Fisherwick Place Church pronounced to be ready for opening. The Rev. Dr. Chalmers officiated on the occasion. He preached from the text—"The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." It was considered generally that the subject was selected for the purpose of aiding to allay the furious heat of the Arian controversy. The sermon, in matter and manner, was a splendid specimen of true pulpit eloquence. The great preacher stood in the full vigor of his original mind and of his peculiarly original style. In his journal he notes that Mr. Cooke, of all who waited upon him—for he was constrained to hold a sort of levee—most impressed him as a superior man. Dr. Chalmers says—"A vast number of the ministers and preachers of the Synod of Ulster have been introduced to me. Mr. Cooke I think the most impressive of them all. About twelve the sitters began to assemble; they were admitted by three shilling tickets. The house was full, and a great crowd was at the door, who could not get admittance."

The new church, at that day, was nearly in the centre of a waste field, trodden into unsightly clay and surrounded by dismantled ditches. Beyond it stretched a dead level of swampy ground—a marshy plain, through which not even a footpath ran. The only approaches to the town from the Malone direction were the Old Dublin roads, one of which passed by Sandy Row, and the other crossed the Blackstaff by the narrow bridge at Fountainville, and entered the town at M'Clean's Buildings and the Linen Hall.

The infant congregation had been removed from the jurisdiction of the Presbytery of Belfast, and placed by the Synod under the care of a large committee of ministers from all parts of Ulster. These ministers occupied the pulpit in rotation. The house, thinly attended at the first, became gradually filled

up by an anxious and attentive people. From the ancient parent hive in Rosemary Street went forth a busy swarm of the most promising and vigorous of its youth. Nurtured under the impressive piety of Dr. Hanna, they were well prepared for religious fervor and activity. When it fell to the turn of Mr. Cooke, as a member of the committee, to officiate in the church, there was not standing room for the multitudes who hastened to it. Pews, aisles, windows were clustered with delighted hearers. Nay, even in the porch and outside the walls, where the voice might be heard occasionally through the open windows, the people pressed upon one another. Not in Belfast alone, but through Ireland, and, in fact, the United Kingdom, Dr. Cooke's fame as a pulpit orator, and his popularity, were beyond conception. At this period the gifted preacher was frequently called to town to address public meetings, or to give his advocacy to some Christian purpose or religious society in many of the pulpits willingly thrown open to receive him. Having on a particular Sunday preached in Berry Street on behalf of a philanthropic local object, from the words, "Righteousness exalteth a nation," he fairly and literally entranced some who heard him. Mr. Hugh Small, a member, if not an elder, of the Covenanting Church, a man of much shrewdness and cleverness, used to say—"If you had heard that discourse, Sir. When he spoke of the greatness of England, he said that some would place the glory of our country in her ships, bearing the flag of England to every coast as a symbol of liberty—a sheltering refuge for the oppressed and enslaved. Some would place its glory in its armies, winning the victories of freedom in well-fought fields in every land. 'But,' he added, 'if I were appointed to choose a chaplet to bind around the brow of Britain, I would cull it of the flowers which Mercy planted when Wilberforce stood upon the Senate of

the realm, and proclaimed that slavery was no more.' Sir, it was just on my lips, almost escaped—Hear him, hear him, hear him, when my wife, seeing something the matter with me, laid her hand on my knee, and I looked round and saw where I was."

That Dr. Cooke should be asked to become the minister of the recently organised congregation was the general expectation everywhere. What may be termed the electoral body of the house—the committee—that had espoused its interests warmly, and devoted their energies to secure its prosperity, did not decide on this. Possibly, as one of the most influential members of the committee, truly excellent and upright, was a professor in the Academical Institution, Dr. Cooke's condemnation of it may have weighed heavily in the scale against the choice being fixed on him. Eventually a call was forwarded to the Rev. J. Morgan, of Lisburn, formerly of Carlow. In the beginning of November, 1828, he entered upon his duties as minister of Fisherwick Place, and commenced there the good and great work which has given to him a name that can never be erased from the best annals of the Church. Immediately afterwards, a number of the devoted friends of Dr. Cooke, of different Churches, assembled, and resolved to build a church specially for himself. The sanction of the Presbytery to this having been obtained, a site on a piece of ground, formerly a portion of "Joy's Dam," was chosen, and their fine edifice speedily arose. In 1829 it was opened by the Rev. Edward Irving, of London. No one who had the good fortune to be present can have lost the impression produced by his extraordinary reading of the glorious Old Hundredth Psalm. The stillness of sacred awe rested upon the vast assembly under the tones of a voice full and deep, and most musical, mellowed by the charm of inimitable sweetness. From that date May Street Church and Dr. Cooke have been identi-

fied. For a lengthened period he conducted three long and richly-varied services in it on each Sunday, while his labours through the week, by sermons and meetings, were incalculable.

It was then manifest that, by the way matters went regarding Fisherwick Place, two invaluable ministers had been given to Belfast. For no other minister living but for Dr. Cooke himself would the second church then have been erected. His brother labourer who preceded him in the new field was building up his church spiritually and temporally, and with unwonted power, and by the force of bright example, contributing to build up other churches in places without number. Dr. Cooke, like Nehemiah, stood upon the walls of their Zion, its defender and champion, working and warring—advancing the reconstruction of the venerated fabric of the glorious Church of Calvin, Knox, and a host of noble martyrs and reformers, and chasing away all who meditated or attempted its hurt. He might, indeed, have exclaimed, in answer to gainsayers or specious intriguers, “I do a great work, and cannot come down. I cannot quit the post Divine Providence has assigned to me.” Dr. Cooke’s services were pressingly sought for and most generously and unsparingly rendered. To every part of the country he was anxiously called. His presence and the astonishing results of his discourses made successful way for the cause of truth, and for the Presbyterian Church, in every district which was visited by him, North and South, East and West. His own people endured, with most exemplary patience, the too frequent deprivation of the services of the minister of whom they were so justly proud—who enriched, in every way, other churches very much at the cost of the May Street Congregation. What place in the land was not benefited by the unwearying self-denial and the priceless labours of Dr. Cooke?

Not long after his removal to Belfast, the Voluntaryism of Scottish and English Radicals and political Dissenters projected an organised, a widely extended, assault upon Church endowments and establishments in this part of the kingdom. Some pioneer meetings were held in rural districts, headed by men whose weakness or vanity had been taken advantage of. At last the grand stroke was resolved upon. The Rev. Dr. Ritchie, a Seceding minister in Edinburgh, was brought, with sound of trumpets, to Belfast, to commence a crusade over the Province against establishments of religion by the State. A soiree, a Gallic novelty, was adopted, for greater attraction, and the famous Voluntary Doctor and the alluring soiree, "where tea and oratory were to flow in equal streams," were sounded far and wide. On the evening of the appointed meeting the company mustered in unexampled force; but there was *one* more than was wished for, who had conveyed his compliments to say that he intended to take part in the proceedings, though not in the tea-drinking. This was Dr. Cooke. A bomb-shell falling into a powder magazine could not have caused a more awful explosion than that which attended the receipt of the courteous missive from the undesired visitor. But he frankly declared that, as Dr. Ritchie had proposed to make an invasion of the country, and, in effect, published, "Give me a man that he may fight with me," he, one of the ministers of Belfast, was quite at the invader's service, and ready and determined to meet him on his own ground. The concoctors of the affair were not prepared for this, and would fain have shuffled out of it. There was no escape, however. Dr. Cooke presented himself, and the meeting must proceed with the business announced by advertisements and placards. Dr. Robert Tennent, father of Mr. R. J. Tennent, was called to the chair. A few local ministers, aided by

a Yankee Volunteer, delivered themselves of what they had to say in hostility to State support of religion. Then followed Dr. Ritchie, the great gun, the very "Roaring Meg" of the party. After him Dr. Cooke arose. He first demolished, in a mixed vein of pleasantry and argument, the speeches of the subordinates who were arrayed opposite to him, and then addressed himself to the vaunted champion. For several hours he was occupied in exposing the fallacy and crudeness of Dr. Ritchie's reasonings, and in establishing, upon Scriptural authority and example, the grand and indestructible principle of the duty of the State to foster and support true religion. The Summer morning's sun shone into the place of meeting, and witnessed an excitement which could not be controlled. Dr. Cooke had obtained such a mastery over the vast assemblage, by his Scriptural and historical appeals, that it was only by the adjournment of the meeting that the spell was broken. By previous arrangement, the discussion was resumed on the following evening. The spirit of Dr. Tennent was too gentle and retiring to face a second night's stormy debate. Mr. Arthur K. Millar, who possessed a fine literary taste, and who was afterwards swept away by the pestilence of 1849, was appointed chairman for that evening. Again, until an advanced hour in the succeeding morning, Drs. Cooke and Ritchie maintained the conflict. When it was concluded, Dr. Ritchie departed, not this life, but this country. "He fled, and with him fled," not "the shades of night," but the spectre of malignant political Voluntaryism. It had received a blow which annihilated it. Dr. Cooke, like all other advocates of an establishment of religion, rendered honor to the genuine Voluntary principle, while he upheld the other principle of the Scripturality and advantage of State aid to a Christian Church. In this memorable discussion, so triumphant on the one side and so

irreparably disastrous on the other, no Belfast minister was with Dr. Cooke. He stood alone. Indeed, it was more than surmised that there were not wanting ministers in Belfast who privately had their predilections for Yankee modes of supporting a Gospel ministry. Ever after that eventful meeting "they held their peace."

During the progress of Dr. Cooke's powerful addresses he gave utterance to passages truly sublime. Such were his apostrophe to Dr. Chalmers, at whom Dr. Ritchie had ventured to sneer, and his lofty vindication of the memory of the great Lord Castle-reagh, rudely and savagely assailed by the Voluntary libeller. In the midst of all the hubbub raised by his marshalled opponents, he kept up a constant, damaging fire of repartee. When hissed by one of them, he turned round sharply, and, looking toward the interrupter, said, pointedly, "I have been hissed a hundred times—by a goose. Who would mind it?" Arguing from the Bible, and quoting precedents from it for the fostering aid of kings and constituted authorities to the Church, a well-known voice exclaimed, "That's the old law. Go to the new one, the New Testament." The speaker instantly rejoined, "Go you to common sense—that will be a new road for you."

In the North, and throughout this island, a universal tribute of admiration was accorded to Dr. Cooke for his courage, and intrepidity, and triumph. Shortly afterwards he had conferred upon him the high honor of the degree of LL.D. by the ancient University of Dublin.

The presence and influence of Dr. Cooke in Belfast, in its civil departments and its political *regime*, weighed incalculably in the formation and balance of parties in the town. As a descendant of a 'Prentice Boy of Derry, Dr. Cooke stood by the old standard, and was every inch of the stamp of those

who shut the gates of that maiden Protestant city. Should another historical work like that of "Kirkpatrick on Presbyterian Loyalty" ever be issued from the Press, the name of Henry Cooke will stand foremost in its record of those who yielded true and unfaltering allegiance to the House of Hanover and to the British Crown. Dr. Cooke's identification with Belfast occurred at a very particular crisis. The borough had been thrown open, for good or for evil. The young and rising spirit of the town rose up in rebellion against a revolutionary or Liberal clique which insolently dictated nominees of its own color and character for representatives in the House of Commons. Mr. Richard Davison, lately become a legal practitioner in the town, by his tact and professional eminence and energy, assisted by the late noble-minded William Cairns, and a staunch band of vigorous fellow-workers, gradually consolidated the Conservative party. Along with his wise and skilful line of decisive proceeding went the weight of the victorious prestige of the name of Dr. Cooke. Mr. James Emerson Tennent owed much to the firm and invaluable friendship of the distinguished divine. In testimony of this, a marble bust of Dr. Cooke was publicly presented to himself in May Street Church, by Mr. Tennent. In the large meeting assembled on the occasion, Dr. Cooke, laying his hand upon the life-like marble, said that he believed it "was the first time he had been seen with two faces." That Belfast is now represented in Parliament by two staunch Conservatives is, in no small measure, to be attributed to the early, and prompt, and all potent, though not obtrusive, influence of Dr. Cooke.

In 1834, a very memorable meeting was held at Hillsborough, under the special auspices of the late Marquis of Downshire. The High-Sheriff of the County Down, the youthful Earl of Hillsborough,

just arrived at age, convened it in consequence of a most influential requisition presented to him. The times were very ominous. Mr. O'Connell and his followers were making a deadly onset on the Established Church of this country. Some of its clergy had been murdered. Many others, with their helpless families, were exposed to the miseries of absolute starvation through the systematic, and organised, and murderous defeat of all efforts to obtain or enforce the payment of tithes. The Government of the day were supine, if not criminally leagued with the despoilers of the Church and the hardened oppressors or assassins of its martyred servants and ministers. In such circumstances, where pity and sympathy for the wronged and the strongest indignation against the wrong-doers filled the bosom of every right-hearted man, the County of Down was moved from one end to another. A great meeting was agreed upon, in order to yield expression to the ardent feelings of deep sympathy and deeper indignation. On the 30th of October, on a brilliant Autumn day, the meeting took place. The large field appropriated to it lay close to the ancient Castle of Hillsborough, within which William III. slept when on his march to the Boyne. The Union flag of England floated from the summit of the venerable pile, now associated with the name of the good and great Prince of Orange. The vast concourse that day enthusiastically met, consisting of landed proprietors and their tenantry from all parts of the country, rested under the shadow of the historical castle which had welcomed within its walls him who was destined to be the glorious victor over dark superstition, and rank despotism, and base treachery. There were present the Marquises of Downshire, Londonderry, and Donegal; the Earls of Clanwilliam and Roden, Viscount Castlereagh, Lord Dufferin, Lord Arthur Hill, Sir Robert Bateson, with such well-known men as Colonels Var-

ner, Blacker, Blackwood, Forde, Nugent, and Price, David Ker, J. W. Maxwell, Roger Hall, the Rev. Holt Waring, James Watson, N. D. Crommelin, W. Cairns, and many others of like station. "The clans," as Lord Roden termed them, mustered strong, full of heart and life. Several very stirring speeches were delivered by lords and gentry. Just as the afternoon wore on, advising the propriety of closing the proceedings, Dr. Cooke came forward. His appearance was the signal for deafening applause. He began his address by stating his reasons for appearing there. He said—"Though I do not represent any of the green acres of this county, I tell you what I represent. I represent the liberties of the country—its religious liberty; and another reason which urges me is, that I think it highly desirable, at a great Protestant meeting like this, that there should be one or more representatives of that department of the Protestant religion to which I belong—that some Presbyterian should come forward to tell you the opinion we entertain. Yet I appear not as a representative. I am but a sample of my brethren. I am a sample of their attachment to the Protestant faith—their zeal for its maintenance, and their eagerness to face any danger which may threaten it."

Dr. Cooke, in his address that day, announced principles of action for Protestant Churches for all times. He said—"My presence here this day and the part I have taken in this meeting are attributable to that bond of a common religion which should knit us all together. Happy would I be were his Grace of Armagh and his Grace of Canterbury to become humble Presbyters like myself. But because they continue to hold by their own religious tenets, I will be no party to the robbery of them, or the spoliation of their Church, which has poured forth a goodly train of champions in defence of the

truth. Between their Church and mine I proclaim the banns of marriage on these terms—Unity on points where we agree—forbearance on points where we differ—and charity in all things. Who forbids the banns? If Almighty God joins, who shall separate?”

Many of the characteristics of the reverend speaker's matchless oratory were to be noticed in his speech, eliciting the admiration and awakening the enthusiasm of the countless throng. For instance—“A noble lord (Londonderry) said he would be disposed to shed the last drop of his blood in defence of our Protestant institutions. Why, no! we will keep a little; we shan't shed it all, unless it be on Sir Frederick Flood's principle that ‘It is the duty of every man to spend his last penny of money to save the remainder.’ When the noble lord, who spoke of shedding the last drop of our blood, stood, at the end of a hard-fought day, on the battle-field, with the red-cross flag of England floating over his head—when, ‘for lack of argument,’ he sheathed his sword upon the hills of Spain—he would have found us, had we been associated with him in his campaigns and his victories, if not before, at least very close behind him. Another noble lord said he would be ready to stand or fall with his noble tenantry. Fall! There is no such word in our Protestant vocabulary. If you bring the whole four folios of Johnston's Dictionary (or whatever number of folios that voluminous work is composed of), you won't find such a word as fall associated with the name of Protestant. Stand we will with our brethren; but fall, with the blessing of God, we never will.”

The sun at the moment shone brilliantly on the flag which waved in the breeze from the ancient castle, within view of the field. It appeared to cast a guardian shadow over the scene, while Dr. Cooke, pointing his upraised hand to it, exclaimed—“They

would seize that flag of England, and take out its white, and shame it. They would take out the red, and make it cowardly; and—my own Presbyterian blue!—because they cannot disgrace it, they would tear it.”

The close of his speech witnessed a remarkable scene. Dr. Cooke had warmly exhorted those who wore coronets, and their faithful, and honest, and industrious tenants and friends, to unity and mutual co-operation. He said that the tenants were the true supporters of the field of arms of the nobles, and that so long as the former continued firm in their fidelity, no blot would stain the escutcheons of the peers, and the motto would remain intact—

“*Metuenda est carolla draconis.*”

This allusion to the motto on the arms of the Londonderry family caused the gallant Marquis—the famous General Stewart of Lord Wellington—to spring to his feet, his breast covered with decorations, and, amid the cheers of the immense mass, to bow low, again and again, before the “plain Presbyter.”

It is impossible to estimate the effect upon the province, or, indeed, upon the country, of this meeting, particularly of the part taken in it by Dr. Cooke. It hastened the downfall of the Government. Protestants of different Churches closed up their ranks, and stood hand to hand, heart to heart, and shoulder to shoulder, in the face of all adversaries. Petty bickerings and divisions were banished. Of the unity that ensued let every one say—“*Esto perpetua?*”

It is very noteworthy that exactly similar sentiments to those expressed th at day by Dr. Cooke were afterwards expressed by Dr. Chalmers, in London, in his delivery of his lectures on “Endowments and Establishments.” Within the breasts of these two illustrious divines there was so much of the light and sunshine of Christian truth and love as to expel the toads and vipers of the black and poisonous sectarian

brood. Their word was—"Let there be no strife between me and thee, *for we be brethren.*"

The alliance for Protestant peace, framed under the shadow of that old castle at Hillsborough by Dr. Cooke, was found to stand as a bulwark firm and mighty. The bold agitation of Mr. O'Connell began to alarm the nation. The myriads of his followers, frenzied by his inflammatory appeals to their passions and prejudices, set the restraints of law at defiance. They crowned the madness of their dangerous folly when they placed upon the Liberator's brow the crown which they hoped would prove a kingly one. The Government of the day, pusillanimous or traitorous, had entered into a compact with the great agitator. To him they virtually handed over the supremacy of rule and patronage in the Irish Administration. The "Repeal of the Union" was the loud rallying-cry of the leader and his noisy, infuriated abettors. Perhaps the time has not yet come for the disclosure of the secret policy of the master-mind which then "swayed at will the wild Democracy." But in the tempest which raged over the South and West the life and the property of Protestants were alike imperilled. Mr. O'Connell had two boasts in several of his incendiary addresses to the multitude. One was that he had twenty or thirty years of the strength of his life yet to draw from for the accomplishment of his ends; the other, that, as regarded the Protestant North which held him in check, he had as many millions under his command as could "sweep all the Protestants of the North into the sea, with no other weapons but cabbage-stalks." The Monarch of Babylon was stricken in the very moment of his utterance of his haughty and impious speech. So speedily fell the proud, thoughtless demagogue, or those whom he flattered, that, within a very few years, he left Ireland with a broken heart, to die in a foreign land, deserted and maligned by many of the

former crowd that all but worshipped him. The millions were smitten and withered like the blighted fields, lying down by their cold hearths, the hand of pestilence upon them, or falling into the grave mournful skeletons of what they had been. Only for Protestant sympathy and aid but few in several of the remote famished districts would have survived to tell the tale of their endurance and anguish. The fond hope was then cherished that the acerbities of faction and party would be buried with the dead. It was anticipated that Irishmen, of every creed, would thereafter be united and harmonious in the remembrance of sufferings gone through, and of the strong, common sympathies awakened. Whether or how far these hopes and anticipations have been realised our readers can judge.

We return from this short digression. As the agitation for Repeal continued to spread under the leadership of Mr. O'Connell, Protestants of every name in Ulster coalesced in an unshrinking determination to abide by the principles of loyalty to the Throne. Sectarian diversities of opinion were lost sight of. All, with one heart, clung to the "Protestant peace." The North was immovable, yielding at no moment to the surge of the billows of Repeal assaults. At length Mr. O'Connell lost patience, and determined upon a personal invasion of Ulster. He had done his utmost in other ways, in vain, to cajole and overcome. He had lavished praises on the Presbyterians of the country. He had drunk of the waters of the Boyne, to win the sweet voices of the Orangemen. All would not do. So he published a manifesto that it was his sovereign will to pay a triumphal visit to Ulster, that he might subdue all opposition, and become virtually monarch of all he surveyed. The bravado uttered in the metropolis was forthwith conveyed to Belfast. General indignation, not unmixed with fears and apprehensions, arose on every hand. The Government, at length aroused, were moved to throw constabulary and military, in large numbers, into the menaced faithful province. At once, and as if by magic, everything was brought to a stand-still. This absolute pause on one side and [the other was produced by a published letter from Dr. Cooke to Mr. O'Con-

nell. It challenged the intended invader in these words—

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ., M.P.

Belfast, 5th January, 1841.

SIR—So long as you confined your Repeal agitation to the South of Ireland, no man dared to meet you. But this want of daring was not want of courage—it was the mere shrinking of gentlemen from such rude and ungenerous treatment as you furnished to your *quondam* protégé and friend, Mr. Sharman Crawford, when, in the simplicity of confidence, he allowed himself to be inveigled to the Corn Exchange, where a fact was turned aside by a jest, and an argument replied to by an insult.

But when you invade Ulster, and unfurl the flag of Repeal, you will find yourself in a new climate. And as there never yet was a man who could equal you in “putting off or on” to suit his company, I do expect to find you in Belfast as innocent and well-mannered a gentleman as any one could desire in a Summer day. And were I sure you would never return to your original nature, and abuse Belfast, when you had fairly got out of it, as lately you did—when, echoing the eruptions of a bilious barrister, you pronounced it one of “the most criminal towns in the kingdom;” and were I sure that you would not, in Parliament, brag and boast of the progress of Repeal, even in “the black North”—and were I sure you would not affirm that, “from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear,” you were received, not only without opposition, but with eyes of admiration and shouts of applause—were I sure on all these points, I must confess I would shrink, as others have done, from venturing or offering to come into conflict with you. But, so far from being sure that you will not do these things, I am fully convinced they are just the very things you would do. You will “blarney” Belfast so long as you are in sight of it, and it will be in your vocabulary a “great city” of the “lovely and the good;” but, once over the border, it will again shrink into “a village” (you recollect that) and the “lovely and the good” town will again become “the most criminal in the kingdom.” And I know, that were you to enter and pass through Ulster in unimpeded triumph, your organs, that at first proclaimed your invasion as “the most signal triumph ever achieved over bigotry,” but who, on hearing of the possibility of your being met in argument, have lately drawn in

their horns, and begun to inculcate peace (rare apostles they of peace who have called Mr. O'Connell into Ulster to proclaim it)—were you once fairly out of town, full well I know they would soon be at their “triumphs” once more, and the North and the South would ring with the “hullabuloo” of your unexampled victories; and as for yourself, I do equally well know you would dare to tell the British Parliament that Repeal was the very life-pulse of the country, and that “the sturdy Presbyterians of Belfast” had received you with all their hearts as its mighty organ, the people with morning shouts, the gentlemen with dinners, and the “lovely and the good” with oceans of evening tea!

Now, it is just because I know you would attempt all this, and more, that I, by God's help, will attempt to prevent you; and that, Mr. O'Connell, not in your own favorite style of “Sharman my jewelling,” but in calm, deliberate, and logical argument. And to this decision I, perhaps, should never have arrived, but that, being challenged by one of your own entertainers, to meet you and discuss Repeal; and acting upon a principle that I have long adopted, “that a jest has always some earnest in it,” I replied, “I would meet you,” and hoped, by God's blessing on a good cause, literally to make an example of you. And this I said in no vain confidence in my own poor abilities, but, literally, and plain truth to speak, because I believe you are a great bad man, engaged in a great bad cause—and as easily foiled by a weak man, armed with a good cause, as Goliath, the giant of Gath, was discomfited by the stripling David, with no weapon but a sling and two pebbles from the brook.

I propose, accordingly, the following plan for your consideration:—

1. Your proposed Repeal meeting in Belfast, instead of a meeting for harangues, “all on the one side,” should be a discussion between yourself and your humble servant.

2. The meeting shall be managed by a committee, composed equally of your friends and mine.

3. Tickets (free) shall be issued under their common authority—one half to your friends—one-half to mine.

4. Subject—The advantages or disadvantages of a Repeal of the Union to Ireland—in its bearing on agriculture, manufactures, general trade, safety of

the present settlement of all property, and the protection of civil and religious liberty.

5. Each speaker to confine himself, as far as possible, to two hour speeches, but no absolute limit beyond the feeling of the speaker; but if the opener of the discussion occupies three hours, he shall forfeit his right of reply.

6. The meeting to be governed by two chairmen, one chosen by each discussionist.

And now, Mr. O'Connell, let me speak a word very plainly to you. You cannot avoid this discussion. I am the man you have so often reviled behind his back—can you do less than meet him face to face? You cannot pronounce me too ignoble for your argument, when you did not judge me too obscure for your abuse. Turn the matter as you will, you can find no excuse or evasion. Let your friends hint that it may endanger the peace. The time to have thought of that was, when they invited you to make an experiment upon our Northern patience. But, in point of fact, Mr. O'Connell, the discussion will be the surest mode to preserve the peace, which your presence can never once endanger. Even the recollection of all your recent abuse of "our village," our "most criminal village in the kingdom," could not provoke us to more than a legal morceau, which I have provided for your feasts—viz., the statistics of Northern crime, in which, by reference to the records of county jails and local prisons, I purpose to trace upwards, both before you and the empire, the streams of crime, and inundate the really guilty with the polluted waters they have muddied and embittered at their fountain heads.

Nor think, Mr. O'Connell, to evade me by saying—"Ah! the loathsome Theologue means to drag me into a religious controversy—and, as it suits my present tactics to forget all I said about his religion last year, so I can make that my excuse for refusing to meet him." No, no, this will never do—I will not leave you this pitiful loop-hole—I pledge myself to avoid every purely theological topic, and to confine myself exclusively to subjects of political economy and jurisprudence; and if your church have embodied these subjects in the tomes of her theology, her decretals, extravagants, and bulls, that is no fault of mine. As a lawyer, you know that this mixture took place when Popes were Emperors, when Cardinals were prime ministers.

when priests were counsellors, and monks scriveners. Another secret let me whisper to you—if you refuse this discussion, the ghost of it will haunt you on the benches of St. Stephen's. I grant you that to prostrate me could gain you little credit, but to shrink from me, under any pretence, would ensure you the greater disgrace. You profess to be able, if they would but hear you, to convince the Conservatives of the mischiefs of the Union. You never before had such an offer of a Conservative audience. Prove then your sincerity, by appearing before them.

I have only now to add, for the satisfaction of the public, that, as I have written you a private letter to Dublin by this evening's post, and as that letter will reach you on the morning of the 6th, before you set out for Mullingar, where, I perceive, you are to be on the 7th—having thus given you timely and sufficient notice, I beg to crave your reply on the 9th, or 10th at farthest; and that for two reasons—I wish the public to have timely notice of your intentions; and, in case you do not accede to my proposal, I have other public duties on hand that would call me to Scotland for a few days, and so render our meeting impossible.

I have the honor to be, both for truth and peace's sake, your faithful servant,

H. COOKE.

P.S.—So far as the public are concerned, I beg to remind them, that I have written to Mr. O'Connell on the 5th instant, and that if I do not receive his answer on or before the 11th, I do not propose to meet him in discussion; and the reasonableness of this limitation will, I hope, be acknowledged.

The province was electrified. O'Connell lingered in Dublin, professing to make light of the letter of Dr. Cooke. But he wanted to know how matters stood, and, ultimately, he appeared to wish to retreat. He was too far committed, however, and had to attempt to make good his project. He left Dublin, and proceeded Northwards. Everywhere, on the line of road, there were arrangements for his reception made—not by his devotees, who never showed face, but by the loyal people, the true-hearted subjects of the Crown. Mr. O'Connell was obliged, therefore, to make his stealthy way into our North, and clandestinely to enter Belfast. After making an unsuccessful public appearance, he emerged from his hotel on an early morning, by break of day, and

took his covert departure from this town to Donaghadee, and thence to Portpatrick. All he could do was to vent, in bitter terms, his aversion to the "black-mouths of the North."

In a few days afterwards an enthusiastic meeting took place in town to receive Dr. Cooke. No common building was sufficient for it. A huge structure, used as a circus, was engaged for the occasion. There, in the presence of nobles of the land, and of a vast array of gentry and clergy, and of all classes and ranks, the highly-gifted orator defended his cause, and showered sarcasms upon that of the fugitive agitator. Who could recal the scene of that time? In pamphlets, and caricatures, and songs, popular feeling endeavoured to satisfy and exhaust itself. Pen and pencil were busy, vying with one another in the portraiture of "The Cock of the North." A gentleman one day, at his own table, around which many guests were assembled, announced his intention to propose a toast of an unusual description. He proceeded to enlarge upon the value of those who contributed so much to their daily enjoyment by preparation of their tables. He enlarged upon the social worth of faithful and skilful cooks. He then proposed his toast—

"The COOKE who dished *Dan*."

Dr. Cooke is now, in the evening of his days, reaping a rich reward of all his toils in the reverent respect and affection with which he is regarded. It is honorable to him and to his great opponent, the Rev. Dr. Montgomery, that they now can meet and exchange courtesies, retaining no rancour, harbouring no unkind or unchristian feeling. Had Mr. O'Connell outlived the terrible years in which Ireland was scourged—"a wiser and a better man," it may be, from the unsparing school of hard experience—Dr. Cooke and he might have grasped each other's hands in token of their oblivion of the angry past. Dr. Cooke, unselfish, forgiving, and magnanimous, has ever been open as day to conciliation and to the claims of Divine charity.

Long, very long, may his reverend form be seen in our streets. Grateful crowds, who look upon him with admiration as they pass, mentally exclaim, GOD BLESS HIM! If he were removed from among us, the universal feeling would be, "We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

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